

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

ROCKY LANE

NO. 63

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

The following succeeding magazines are fully identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC JUGOS ★ COWBOY WESTERN HEROES ★ CRIME AND JUSTICE ★ FURRY ANIMALS ★ TV DOG THE DOG SERIES ★ HAUNTED ★ HOT RODS AND RACING CARS ★ LEGG FUNKIES ★ LASH LASH WESTERN ★ ROCKY LANE PREVIEW ★ RACKET SQUADS ★ SEE-GUN HEROES ★ SILVER SCREENS ★ TV TALKS ★ THE THING ★ MY LITTLE HORSE

Every effort is made to insure that these stories magazines contain the highest quality of selection entertainment.

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

Rocky Lane

THE BLOODY GAP PLOT!

HYAR COMES MARSHAL BUD BROWN, ROCKY! MAYBE HE HAS SOME WORD ABOUT THOSE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERIES IN BLOODY GAP!

I HOPE SO, CHIEF! THAT BANDIT, WHOEVER HE IS, HAS BEEN AT LARGE FOR TOO MANY MONTHS, NOW!



ANY LUCK, BUD?

YES AND NO, CHIEF! THERE'S A GANG OF TOUGH YOUNG VANDALS RUNNING RIOT IN BLOODY GAP, AND THE WAY I SEE IT, THERE'S A STRONG POSSIBILITY THAT THEIR VANDALISM IS JUST A COVER-UP FOR THOSE ROBBERIES!



DID YUH LOCK THEM UP, BUD?

NO, CHIEF!

WHY NOT? IF YOU PUT THEM IN JAIL AND THERE WERE NO FURTHER ROBBERIES, YOU'D HAVE PRETTY GOOD PROOF THAT THEY WERE TIED IN!



HOW CAN I LOCK THEM UP WHEN NO ONE WILL MAKE A COMPLAINT? EVERYBODY IN BLOODY GAP IS SO AFRAID OF THESE VANDALS, THEY DON'T DARE PRESS CHARGES! THE ONE OR TWO WHO SAID THEY WOULD--

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



--WE'RE SO BADLY BEATEN UP BY THIS GANG THAT NO ONE ELSE EVER DARES REPORT THEM!

I DON'T CARE IF YUH DID SEE US RIP DOWN YORE FENCE! OPEN YORE MOUTH TO THE SHERIFF AND THIS WILL BE ONLY A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT WE'LL DO TO YUH!

(GROAN!) LET ME GO, SNIFFY SAUNDERS! I SNEAK I WON'T SAY A WORD AGAINST YUH AND YORE FRIENDS!

I DON'T LIKE THIS! MAYBE YUH BETTER ROUND UP A COUPLE OF MORE MARSHALS, ROCKY, AND GO BACK TO BLOODY OAP WITH BUD! WE'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO THIS BUSINESS!

I AGREE WITH YOU THERE, CHIEF, BUT IT'S MY HUNCH THOSE WANDALS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE ROBBERIES! FROM WHAT LITTLE CLUES WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO PICK UP, THE HOMBRE RESPONSIBLE SEEMS TO BE AN EXPERIENCED LONE WOLF, AND NOT ANY GANG OF YOUNG HOODLUMS!

MEANWHILE, AT A DESERTED RANCH HOUSE OUTSIDE OF BLOODY GAP...



I GAVE YUH THE SIGNAL, FRANK! OPEN UP! IT'S YORE BROTHER, SNIFFY! I'VE COME WITH THE FOOD!

TAKE IT EASY! I GOTTA UNLOCK THE BARS FIRST!



THAT'S ENOUGH GRUB HUNK FOR A WEEK, FRANK!

GOOD! I'LL GIVE YUH YORE SHARE OF THE LAST JOB I PULLED!

HOW DID THE JOB GO?

ONE OF THE RANDES, TED TOMPKINS, DRIFTED IN WHILE I EMPTIED THE SAFE IN THE LAZY T RANCH HOUSE, AND I PLUGGED HIM! BUT I HAD NO OTHER TROUBLE!

WHEN ARE YUH GOING TO TAKE ME IN WITH YUH FRANK?

YUH KNOW ME, SNIFFY! I'M A LONE WOLF! BESIDES, YUH DON'T HAVE ENOUGH EXPERIENCE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WHAT DO YUH MEAN? MY GANG'S THE TOUGHEST IN BLOODY GAP! EVERYONE'S SO AFRAID OF THEM, NO MATTER WHAT WE DO THEY DON'T DARE REPORT US TO THE SHERIFF!

MY WAY'S BETTER THAN THAT! NO ONE EVEN KNOWS ABOUT ME--NOT EVEN YORE GANG! SO THAT'S NO ONE FER ANYONE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT!

THE ONLY REASON YUH NEVER HAVE TO SHOW YORE FACE, IS BECAUSE I KEEP YUH SUPPLIED WITH GRUB! THE ONLY TIME YUH EVER GO OUT IS LATE AT NIGHT WHEN YUH PULL A JOB!

I AGREE WITH YUH, SWIFTY! THAT'S WHY I CUT YUH IN ON THE LOOT! YUH'VE GOT NO COMPLAINTS!

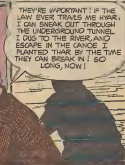
WELL, I'M TIRED OF PLAYING STOOGE! IF I SHOW YUH I CAN CARRY OFF A SUCCESSFUL ROBBERY, WILL YUH TAKE ME IN AS A FULL PARTNER?

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT WHEN THE TIME COMES, SWIFTY! NOW I RECKON YUH'D BETTER VAMOOSE WHILE IT'S STILL DARK! EVERYONE THINKS THIS RANCH IS DESERTED, SO I WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE YUH LEAVIN' HWAR!



OKAY, FRANK! I DON'T LIKE STAYING HWAR ANY LONGER THAN I HAVE TO! WITH ALL THE BARS YUH PUT UP, IT LOOKS LIKE THE INSIDE OF A JAILHOUSE!

THEY'RE IMPORTANT! IF THE LAW EVER TRAILS ME HWAR, I CAN SNEAK OUT THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL I DUG TO THE RIVER, AND ESCAPE IN THE CANOE I PLANTED THAR BY THE TIME THEY CAN BREAK IN! SO LONG, NOW!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

GEE, SWIFTY, ARE YUH SURE YUH KNOW WHAT YORE DOING?

BUSTING UP RANCHES IS ONE THING, BUT PULLING A ROBBERY IS SOMETHING ELSE! WE NEVER DID IT BEFORE!

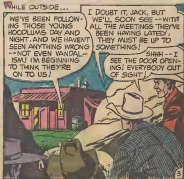
CLEANING OUT THE BAR DOUBLE-T IS A SNAP! THAR'LL BE NO ONE AROUND BUT THE OWNER, TURK--AND HE'S SO OLD, HE'LL BE EASY TO HANDLE!

WHILE OUTSIDE...

WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THOSE YOUNG HOOGLUMS DAY AND NIGHT, AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING WRONG--NOT EVEN VANDALISM! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THEY'RE ON TO US!

I DOUBT IT, JACK, BUT WE'LL SOON SEE--WITH ALL THE MEETINGS THEY'VE BEEN HAVING LATED, THEY MUST BE UP TO SOMETHING!

SHHH--I SEE THE DOOR OPENING! EVERYBODY OUT OF SIGHT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

GIVE THEM TIME TO GET A LITTLE LEAD! THEN EACH OF US FOLLOW HIS MAN!



BUT ALL PATHS LEAD TO THE SAME PLACE --- THE BAR DOUBLE - T...

WHAT DO YUH SAY NOW, ROCKY? IF THEY AREN'T THE ROBBERS, WHY WOULD THEY BE CLIMBING THROUGH THE WINDOW?

LET'S GRAB THEM!

HOLD IT! GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO START ROB-BING SOMETHING, SO WE CAN CATCH THEM IN THE ACT!



BUT AS SWIFTY AND HIS GANG APPROACH THE SAFE...



WHAT'S GOING ON HYAR?

IT'S TURK...

ONE PEEP OUT OF YUH, OLD MAN, EITHER NOW OR AFTER WE EMPTY YORE SAFE, AND YUH'LL REMAIN CRIPPLED FER LIFE!

WHILE YORE AT IT, SWIFTY, WHY DON'T YUH MAKE HIM OPEN THE SAFE? IT'LL MAKE THINGS SO MUCH EASIER FER US!



BUT OUTSIDE...

HEY, LOOK! LIGHTS! WARMINTS PULLING A ROBBERY DON'T GO LIGHTING UP LAMPS!

WE'D BETTER GO IN!



AND AS THE POSSE OF MARSHALS RUSH IN...



WHAT'S GOING ON HYAR?

ER, ER... NOTHING!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ER, ER --
THAT'S
RIGHT!



BUT IT TURNS OUT THAT THERE
AREN'T ANY CARDS IN THE HOUSE
AT ALL...

WE KNOW YOU'RE LYING, TURK!
IT'S EVIDENT THAT THESE HOOD-
LUMS FORCED YOU TO OPEN THE
SAFE! WE WANT YOU TO COME
DOWN AND PRESS CHARGES!



YOU OWE IT TO
YOURSELF AND
EVERYONE ELSE IN
THE COMMUNITY,
TURK, TO HELP PUT
THESE HOODLUMS
IN JAIL! AS LONG
AS THEY'RE LOOSE,
YOU AND THE REST
OF THE PEOPLE IN
TOWN WILL HAVE
TO WALK IN...
FEAR!



LOOK, WE NEVER
PULLED ANY
ROBBERIES BEFORE
TONIGHT --- AND
WE NEVER KILLED
ANYONE!

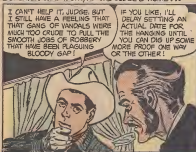
BUT WITH THEIR REPUTATION, THE JURY DOESN'T BELIEVE THEM, AND THE GANG IS FOUND GUILTY!



I HEREBY SENTENCE ALL OF YUH TO HANG! I'LL SET
THE EXACT DATE SOMETIME DURING THE COMING
WEEK! TAKE THEM TO THEIR CELLS, SHERIFF!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

BUT LATER THAT NIGHT, AT THE JUDGE'S HOME ...



I CAN'T HELP IT, JUDGE. BUT I STILL HAVE A FEELING THAT THAT GANG OF VANDALS WERE MUCH TOO CRUDE! TO PULL THE SMOOTH JOBS OF ROBBERY THAT HAVE BEEN PLAGUING BLOODY GAP!

IF YOU LIKE, I'LL DELAY SETTING AN ACTUAL DATE FOR THE HANGING UNTIL YOU CAN DIG UP SOME MORE PROOF ONE WAY OR THE OTHER!

THE TOWN'S TROUBLES MAY BE OVER, BUT NOT ROCKY LANES.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY MY BROTHER SWIFTY HASN'T SHOWN UP WITH ANY GRUB IN OVER A WEEK! IT AIN'T LIKE HIM--UNLESS HE'S IN TROUBLE! RECKON, LIKE IT OR NOT, I'LL HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN!



I COULDN'T ASK FOR MORE!

OKAY, ROCKY! ANYWAY, AS LONG AS ALL OF THEM ARE IN JAIL, THE TOWN'S TROUBLES ARE OVER!

LATER, IN TOWN ...

@@@!!??!! ACCORDING TO THIS HYAR PAPER, SWIFTY AN' HIS GANG ARE GOIN' TO HANG FER MUH CRIMES! I COULD GET THEM OFF BY CONFESSIN', BUT THAT'S GOIN' TOO FAR! THE LEAST I CAN DO, THOUGH, IS GET EVEN WITH THE LANDGOS WHO PUT MUH BROTHER BEHIND BARS! IT'S JUST TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T MENTION HIS NAME IN THE ARTICLE, BUT I'VE ALREADY GOT AN IDEA!



SOME TIME LATER, AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE ...

-- SORRY, SIR, BUT I CAN'T GIVE OUT THE NAME OF THE MARSHAL WHO ROUNDED UP SWIFTY SAUNDERS AND HIS GANG! HE'S A SECRET MARSHAL, AND HIS IDENTITY HAS TO BE KEPT A SECRET!



THAT'S TOO BAD! I ONLY WANTED TO INVITE HIM TO MY HOME! YUH SEE --

I'VE GOT A CRIPPLED SON WHOSE ONLY HAPPINESS IS MEETING THESE FEARLESS ARMS C'N THE LAW!



WELL, SINCE YORE SON'S A CRIPPLE, MAYBE I CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION! LEAVE YORE ADDRESS. IF THE SECRET MARSHAL'S INTERESTED HE'LL DROP AROUND TO YORE HOUSE. I'M SURE HE'LL COME!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



I DON'T THINK SO, EITHER! NOW TO GO WORK OUT A NICE, SLOW DEATH FER HIM-- A DEATH THAT'LL GIVE HIM PLENTY OF TIME TO REGRET MESSIN' WITH MY BROTHER SWIFT!

LATER...

-- OKAY, CHIEF! IF IT'S FOR A CRIPPLED KID I'LL GO, BUT I INSIST UPON TAKING BUD AND THE OTHER TWO MARSHALS ALONG, TOO! AFTER ALL, THEY DID JUST AS MUCH WORK AS I DID!



LATER...

IT'S ALSO REAL PEACEFUL, MAHBE THAT'S WHAT HE NEEDED FER THE KID!
ARE YUH SURE YUH GOT THE RIGHT ADDRESS, ROCKY? THIS PLACE LOOKS REAL BROKEN-DOWN!



AND AFTER THEY KNOCK ON THE DOOR...

OH...I ONLY EXPECTED TO SEE ONE!

ROCKY'S THE REAL HERO! HE'S JUST TOO MOD-EST TO TAKE FULL CREDIT!

I WAS ONLY IN CHARGE! THEY DID JUST AS MUCH AS I DID!



IF YUH DON'T MIND, LEAVE YORE GUNS WITH ME! MY SON LOVES THEM AND HE MIGHT ASK TO HANDUE ONE! I COULDN'T STAND ANOTHER ACCIDENT--- THE LAST ONE LEFT HIM CRIPPLED FER LIFE!



THANK YUH! NOW I THINK WE OUGHT TO GO UP ONE AT A TIME. ALL AT ONCE MIGHT BE TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT FER HIM!

WHATEVER YUH SAY, SIR! I'D BE GLAD TO GO FIRST!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

BUT AS BUD FOLLOWS FRANK INTO THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM...

HEY---THAT'S NO ONE HYAR...



OF COURSE NOT! I'VE ONLY GOT ONE TORTUROUS DEATH SET UP AND I AIM TO SAVE THAT FER YOUR LEADER---ROCKY LANE! RECKON I'LL HAVE TO HANDLE THE REST OF YUH THIS WAY!



NEXT!

RECKON THAT'LL BE ME!



AND ONE BY ONE THE OTHER TWO MARSHALS MEET THE SAME FATE...

UGH!



AT THE SAME TIME... HE SAID, IF WE ALL WENT UP TOGETHER IT WOULD CAUSE TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT, AND YET HE'S CALLED THE OTHER THREE UP WITHOUT ANYONE COMING DOWN! I DON'T LIKE IT--OR

THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE WITH ALL THE BARS ON THE WINDOWS! RECKON I'LL GO UP AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!



BUT FRANK HEARS ROCKY CLIMBING THE CREAKING STEPS...

THAT'S NO TIME TO MOVE THE BODIES! I'LL JUST HIDE BEHIND THIS DOOR!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AND AS THE SECRET MARSHAL ENTERS...



AND WHEN ROCKY COMES TO...

AND NOW THAT I'VE EXPLAINED EVERYTHIN', YUH KNOW EXACTLY WHY I'M DOING ALL THIS!



IF YOU'RE SO CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR BROTHER, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE YOURSELF UP SO HE CAN GET OFF WITH JUST A JAIL SENTENCE? THIS WAY HE'S STILL GOING TO HANG!



NO ANSWER! WELL, I DIDN'T EXPECT ANY! NO BANDIT WOULD HAVE THAT MUCH FEELING, OR HE WOULDN'T BE A BANDIT! WELL, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU'RE CRAZY! WHEN WE DON'T GET BACK SOON, THE CHIEF MARSHAL IS BOUND TO SEND SOMEONE OUT HERE TO LOOK FOR US!



BY THAT TIME, I'LL BE FAR AWAY! SINCE I HAD TO SHOW MY FACE IN BLOODY GAY, THIS WHAR DESERTED RINCH IS NO LONGER ANY GOOD FER A HIDE-OUT! BUT I SEE NOW THAT THE MAGNIFYING GLASS PLAYING ON THE SUN'S RAYS IS BEGINNING TO BURN THE ROPE, SO I'LL LEAVE YUH TO YORE FINISH!

I CAN SMELL THE ROPE STARTING TO BURN, BUT I JUST CAN'T YANK MYSELF FREE! EVERY TIME I SQUIRM, THIS BED OF NAILS MOVES A LITTLE, BUT EVEN IF I MANAGE TO GET IT OUT FROM UNDER ME, THE BOULDER WILL STILL KILL ME WHEN IT FALLS!



BUT WAIT---MAYBE IF I CAN WIGGLE BACK AND FORTH, I CAN MANAGE---

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



--TO MOVE IT FAR ENOUGH BACK SO THAT THESE NAILS WILL REACH THE ROPES ON MY HANDS!

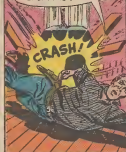
IT'S WITHIN REACH! NOW TO SEE IF I CAN RIP THESE ROPES!



IT LOOKS AS IF IT'S TOO LATE...

BUT LOOKS ARE DECEIVING--- ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH A SECRET MARSHAL...

PHEN! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW TO UNTIE MY LEGS AND SEE IF I CAN GET ON THE TRAIL OF THAT MAD DOG, FRANK SAUNDERS!



BUT SAUNDERS WAS LOOKED EVERY GATE AND WINDOW TO PROTECT HIS ESCAPE...

HE MUST HAVE FIGURED SOME OTHER WAY OUT, BECAUSE HE LOOKED SMART ENOUGH TO REALIZE THAT THE LAW COULD EVENTUALLY BREAK IN!



SHORTLY AFTER...

A TUNNEL--VERY INTERESTING! WE'LL SOON SEE WHERE THIS LEADS TO!



AND WHEN THE SECRET MARSHAL REACHES THE OTHER END...

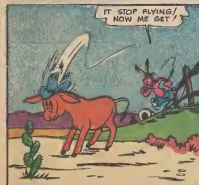
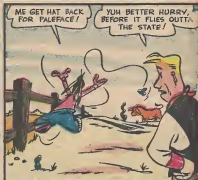
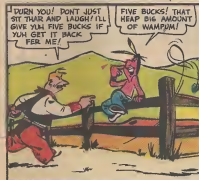
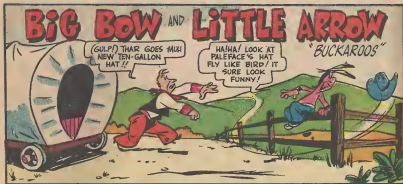
THAT MUST BE FRANK SAUNDERS IN THAT CANOE! HE'S SO SURE OF GETTING AWAY! HE'S TAKING HIS TIME! BUT HE'S STILL FAR ENOUGH AWAY...



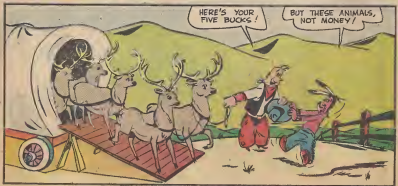
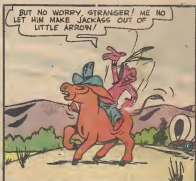
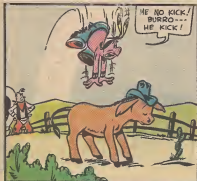
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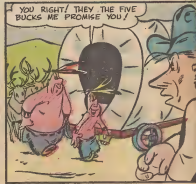
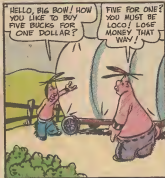
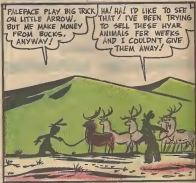
SOME DAY BANDITS WILL LEARN THAT WHEN THEY COMMIT A CRIME, IT WILL EVENTUALLY BE A CRIME AGAINST THEMSELVES!



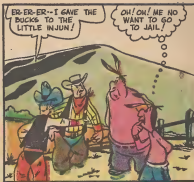
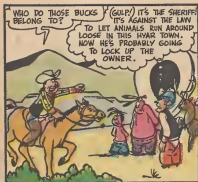
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KIT CARSON'S INDIAN ADVENTURES

Christopher Carson was born in Kentucky, but when he was scarcely a year old his parents took him to Missouri, settling on the frontier of civilization. There young Kit (as he was later called) passed his boyhood—close to the trails where he could see the long trains of pack-mules go swinging by.

In 1826, when Kit was seventeen, a man named Colonel St. Vrain decided to head an expedition of twenty-six wagons and forty-two men, all trappers, to the far-off Rocky Mountains. Kit, young and small for his age, although inexperienced was permitted to join the expedition because of his reputation as an expert marksman and a young man who feared nothing.

For weeks the loaded wagons rumbled along the Trail, with no sign of Indians. Finally they came to the crossing of Walnut Creek which was a well known danger spot. The campers selected this as a camping-place and the caravan halted. They quickly unhitched the mules and oxen and soon prepared their evening meal of buffalo tongue. All the men were talking and leisurely enjoying their food, when from the rear came a great commotion.

"Indians!" shouted one of the men, leaping to his feet as six Pawnee Indians, mounted on swift ponies, rushed out of the tall grass, where they had been hiding. They rode wildly yelling and swinging buffalo robes, in an attempt to stampede the mules.

The men quickly reached for their guns and a fusillade of shots rang out. The Pawnees heard the shots, whirled their ponies about, and disappeared into the hills.

The following morning the trappers moved on—and the next evening their camping ground was at Pawnee Rock, known to be one of the most hazardous camping grounds on the trail.

The men were expecting a surprise attack, so they arranged their wagons into a corral into which the animals could be driven. When it grew dark, sentinels were posted to give the alarm at the first sight of a Pawnee Indian. Kit Carson was chosen to be one of the guards, and with tense excitement, he stood at his post.

The forty-two tired men were sound asleep, their rifles beside them, when they heard a cry, "Indians!"

The men leaped to their feet and reached for their guns as a rifle shot rang out. A moment later, Kit came rushing into the corral breathless—"Indians!" he cried, "I killed one! I saw him fall!"

The trappers steeled themselves in the grim darkness for the onrush of the Pawnees. The

stars shone brightly in the sky, although there was no moon that night—but silhouettes could easily be seen in the distance. They waited breathlessly but no Pawnees appeared. At last, exhausted, the men went back to sleep, certain that it had been a false alarm, although Kit insisted he had seen an Indian and had killed him.

Once more the sentinels took up their vigil. It was a long and weary night for young Carson. Every rustle in the grass, every distant sound, every noise of a night insect seemed to young Kit to be a creeping Pawnee.

At last daylight arrived and the men all gathered around to see Kit's dead Indian.

There lying face down in the grass, was no black Pawnee Indian but Carson's mule, shot through the head. Kit was heart-broken at the loss, and also because he had frightened the men. He told them how sorry he was. The men expressed their grief at the loss of Kit's mule as they hastened away to breakfast.

While the trappers were eagerly engaged in eating their breakfast they heard an alarm, and before they could reach for their guns, a large band of Pawnee Indians were rushing upon them. The mules were quickly driven into the corral and the men leaped to their feet to fire.

The Pawnees raced by, pouring out a shower of arrows and gunshot, while their shrill and terrifying war-whoops could be heard for miles. They wheeled their ponies and back they came, with another onslaught of arrows and bullets, swiftly escaping beyond the trappers' guns.

For three days and three nights this brave little band of white men kept fighting off the Pawnees. The mules were in torment from hunger and thirst, having been three days without water.

St. Vrain ordered the trappers to hitch up and fight their way through. He said the darkness would help them cross Pawnee Fork. The men did as they were told and reached the stream without losing a man or an animal. At the stream the mules became unmanageable and the wagons had no time to form a caravan. When they reached the other bank they found the Pawnee Indians lying in wait for them.

"Let's charge!" cried St. Vrain, dashing forward.

Kit Carson and all the other men were mounted and followed their leader, dashing into the very midst of the Pawnee Indians and firing as they advanced. The Pawnees, taken aback by this sudden display of courage, held a hasty pow-wow, fell back, and turned and fled over the prairie. The caravan, without any more

trouble, followed the winding trail along the Arkansas to Bent's Fort.

Kit was engaged as hunter for Bent's Fort, and once he and six other men went out for a few days after buffalo. They had little luck and decided to return to the fort the following day. While lying in their camp not far from the trail, they were awakened by the cry of howling wolves in the distance, and their dogs began to bark and growl. They found two wolves sneaking about. They raised their guns, aimed to fire, when to their surprise one wolfskin fell off, and there was a Redskin Indian!

"I had a sneaking idea that those wolves might be Indians! Let's tie them to this tree and hold them till morning!"

After tying the Indians they went back to their buffalo-robe beds, and feeling secure went to sleep. While they were sleeping a band of Sioux Indians crept up. The two "wolves" were scouts sent to learn the strength and size of camp, after they were captured they signalled to their band in their wolf-call.

A fusillade of shots from the Sioux Indians woke the hunters. One of the hunters was killed with five shots in his body and eight in his buffalo robe. The five other men could easily have been killed but for the quick-witted Kit, who fired shot after shot into the body of the leader of the Sioux. Ten Sioux were killed and they ran off into the woods after their surprise attack.

Another summer day Kit Carson and his friend Gabe Bridger set out for Green River. They were eager to take part in those famous meetings they had heard so much about.

They started out and soon met other trappers who worked for other companies, all dressed in their buckskins and coonskin caps. With some of them were their squaws they had acquired as wives and a crowd of half-breed children. Some of the Indians who had horses or furs to trade or sell came flocking in.

For weeks they sold their wares and spent their money to whoop it up, returning to the trail with pockets as empty as when they came but without their furs. The money belonged again to the company that had paid them.

When the Rendezvous was over, Kit joined a band of fifty trappers bound for the country of the Blackfeet Indians. He and his men knew into what dangerous country they were entering but danger was the spice with which they salted their daily life.

Kit and his friends Bill Williams led the way. Suddenly Kit drew up his horse, for there in the distance was a pack of Blackfeet Indians—"Tigers of the Plains," cried Kit.

"Men, hide yourselves behind those rocks!" called Kit. "Don't blow your ammunition away to no account. We haven't got more'n a dozen rounds apiece.

The Indians raised their rifles, and yelled like a horde of savages. They galloped through the camp, killing ten of the trappers. Then they commenced an orderly retreat, keeping up a

rain of arrows as they did so. It did not take the Indians long to figure out that Kit and his men were short of ammunition. They re-formed their lines and with hideous yells came helter skelter down the hillside straight into the makeshift fortress of the trappers, hell-bent for leather.

The ring of arrows, . . . the crack of tomahawks on skulls, . . . the groans of humans in mortal combat, . . . it was a real fight and the first hand-to-hand fighting Kit had experienced.

The Blackfeet would not give up. They came swooping down on Kit and his men with war whoops.

"Take extra careful aim with each shot," Kit cautioned, "we have to make every shot count." "What'll we do when that's all blazed away?" someone asked. "Give 'em Green River!" Bridges bellowed and the rest of the men took up the cry.

The Blackfeet kept up the attack. While some of them were firing on the trappers, the rest of the tribe set fire to the surrounding brush.

"We're goners," cried Bill Williams. The smoke filled their lungs and made their eyes smart, they could hardly see as they coughed and choked, fighting for their very breath.

"Let's give 'em Green River, I don't hanker to burn" cried one of the men.

"Stay where you are!" Carson's command rang out. The rolls of smoke were almost unendurable. The flames were crackling slower now and Kit's men could feel the heat. But strangely enough it grew no hotter.

"We've won men!" Kit's cry of triumph rang out. "The brush is too green to burn."

The fire died out and the smoke cleared away as the men gratefully drew in gulps of fresh air. The Indians seeing they were defeated, grew tired of their futile battle and withdrew.

Kit called his men together and said "The day of the Indian is about done. Indians have to make way for civilization. And we are breaking the trails for that march right now."

When John Charles Fremont was commissioned by the United States Government to charter the Oregon Trail through South Pass, he took Kit Carson along as guide. Together they explored a southerly route leading through California, hoping that some day the United States would extend from ocean to ocean.

His dreams came true. It's the vision and courage of men like Kit Carson who have helped unite our United States of America. To these brave men of battle go our everlasting thanks.

Rocky Lane

THE SNEAK
RUSTLERS!

A
BLACK JACK
STORY



CATTLE RUSTLERS SIPHON THE WEALTH OF THE WEST TO FILL THEIR POCKETS---AND THE TWO-GUN SECRET MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE, IS POWERLESS TO ACT---UNTIL THE GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK, TAKES THE BIT IN HIS TEETH AND HURLS A FIGHTING HEART AND BURNED LOYALTY INTO THE BATTLE WITH

"THE SNEAK RUSTLERS!"

THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEAD-QUARTERS---

HMM! THAT'S MIGHTY STRANGE, CHIEF! YOU SAY THE CATTLE REACH THE SHIPPING STOCKYARDS, BUT SOME OF THEM NEVER GET TO THEIR DESTINATION?



THAT'S RIGHT, ROCKY! IT'S PLUMB MYSTERIOUS!

THIS IS THE MOST BAFFLING CASE OF RUSTLING WE'VE EVER BEEN UP AGAINST! THAT'S WHY I'M PUTTING YOU ON IT, ROCKY! GOOD LUCK!



THANKS, CHIEF! I RECKON I'LL GET GOING!

GET RAMBLING, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! WE'VE GOT A NEST OF LOW-DOWN RUSTLERS TO SMOKE OUT, BUT FINDING THEM COMES FIRST, I RECKON!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE CHIEF SAID THOSE MISSING CRITTERS REACHED THE SHIPPING STOCK-YARDS BUT NOT THEIR DESTINATION.... WHICH MEANS THE CATTLE ARE BEING RUSTLED AFTER THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION... OR BEFORE THEY GET STARTED!

MILES LATER---

THAT STOCKYARD TO THE LEFT IS THE ONE THE MISSING CATTLE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SHIPPED FROM! I RECKON I'LL CHECK AT THIS END FIRST!

HOW COME YO'RE NOT USIN' OUR STOCKYARD TO SHIP FROM ANY MORE?

TO PUT IT STRAIGHT! TOO MANY O' OUR CRITTERS HAVE BEEN GETTIN' LOST WHEN WE USED YORE YARDS! FROM NOW ON WE'RE USIN' CLEW'S YARDS!

WHOA, BLACK JACK!

IT'S NO FAULT O' OURS IF YORE CRITTERS GIT STOLEN AFTER WE SHIP 'EM!

MEBBE NOT, BUT JUST THE SAME OUR BUSINESS IS GOIN' ELSE-WHERE!

HMM! THIS IS A MIGHTY INTERESTING ANGLE!

SAY, BOSS! IF ALL THE BUSINESS GOES TO THE YARDS ACROSS THE WAY, WE WONT HAVE A CHANCE TO RUSTLE ANY MORE CRITTERS! WE'LL PLUMB BE RUINED TO BOOT! WHUT'LL WE DO?

HMM! LEMME THINK!

I'VE GOT IT! THOSE YARDS ARE OVERCROWDED WITH CATTLE! IF THE CATTLE CARS WERE HELD UP FER A COUPLE O' WEEKS AN' THOSE CRITTERS DONT HAVE ANY FEED, THEY'D PLUMB STARVE! RIGHT?

HOW'RE THE CRITTERS GONNA STARVE WHEN THEY'VE GOT A BARN FULL O' FODDER?

THEY WON'T, IF WE BURN IT DOWN! GET IT?

YEAH, BUT HOW--?

IT'LL BE PLUMB SIMPLE! LISTEN... BZZZZZ... BZZZZZ...

THOSE MAMERICKS ARE IN A MIGHTY TIGHT MUDDLE AND WHILE THEY ARE---I AM TO HAVE A LOOK INSIDE THIS BARN OF THEIRS!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

BRANDING IRONS! WHAT WOULD THESE JASPER BE DOING WITH THEM, IF THEY WERE HONEST?



THIS ISN'T A BRANDING IRON---- IT'S A RUNNING IRON.... USED BY RUSTLERS TO CHANGE THE BRAND ON A CRITTER! THIS IS BEGINNING TO ADD UP!



SO THAT'S THEIR GAME! CHANGING THE BRANDS ON SOME OF THEIR CUSTOMERS' CATTLE JUST BEFORE SHIPPING THEM OUT ON THE CATTLE CARS! WITH NOBODY TO CHECK THE BRANDS AS THEY ARE LOADED INTO THE CATTLE CARS, IT SEEMED AS IF THE CRITTERS WERE BEING STOLEN AT THE OTHER END!



SUDDENLY--WITHOUT WARNING!

A SNOOPER, BOSS! LOOK!

GUN 'IM DOWN, MEN!

DON'T MAKE A MOVE FOR YOUR GUNS--YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



SEZ YOU!

M-MY GUN!

DROP THOSE SHOOTING IRONS... PRONTO!



I SAID PRONTO!

OUCH!



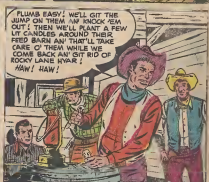
THET STRAY BULLET CUT THE ROPE!

QUICK! GIT THE TINHORN LAYMAN!

RIGHT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THANKS, BLACK JACK, OLD FARD! WE'VE GOT A HEAP TO DO AND NOT MUCH TIME IN WHICH TO DO IT!



OUR FIRST CHORE IS TO PREVENT THAT TRAIN WRECK! THIS RED LANTERN IS GOING TO HELP US DO THE TRICK—IF WE CAN GET THERE IN TIME!



GET GOING, BLACK JACK!



THE TRAIN!! FASTER, BLACK JACK! FASTER! A HEAP OF LIVES ARE HANGING ON YOUR SPEED TONIGHT!



GALLANTLY, THE NOBLE STALLION, BLACK JACK, LOWERS HIS HEAD AND LENGTHENS HIS GREAT STRIDE IN A TREMENDOUS BURST OF THUNDEROUS SPEED!

KEEP IT UP, BLACK JACK! EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON YOUR SPEED AND ENDURANCE! THAT TRAIN IS GETTING POWERFUL CLOSE!



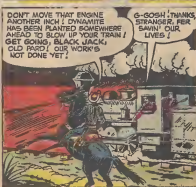
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

A-A MAN ON A GREAT BLACK HOSS---SIGNALLIN' ME WITH A RED LANTERN! I'M SLAMMIN' THE BRAKES ON QUICK!



DON'T MOVE THAT ENGINE ANOTHER INCH! DYNAMITE HAS BEEN PLANTED SOMEWHERE AHEAD TO BLOW UP YOUR TRAIN! GET GOING, BLACK JACK, OLD FARD! OUR WORK'S NOT DONE YET!

G-GOSH! THANKS, STRANGER, FER SAVIN' OUR LIVES!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

DON'T THANK ME, PARTNER--
THANK MY BRONC, BLACK
JACK! GET GOING!
BLACK JACK! WE'VE GOT
ANOTHER PASSEL OF LIVES
TO SAVE -- AND A
PASSEL OF SNEAK
RUSTLERS TO
ROUND UP!

W-WHAT
A HOSS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE GREAT
STALLION'S BUSTLING SPEED SCORCHES
THE TRAIL BACK TO THE IMPERILED STOCKYARD!

NO TIME TO USE THE ENTRANCE, BLACK
JACK! I JUST HOPE WE'RE IN TIME TO
SAVE THOSE POOR JASPER'S!

GOOD BOY, PARD!
WE MADE IT!

GET YOUR
HANDS UP--
PRONTO!

R-ROCKY LANE! GO
FER YORE GUNS, BOYS!

YOUR GAME'S UP, YOU
FOG-BRAINED
BUZZARDS!

YOU'RE NOT TAKIN'
ME, LAWMAN!

CREASED
'IM!

UGH!

TURNED, ROCKY LANE SLUMPS
WEAKY ACROSS THE NECK OF HIS
GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK,
DESPERATELY TRYING TO FIGHT OFF
UNCONSCIOUSNESS! THEN THE
SINISTER RENEGADE AIMS HIS SIX-
GUN POINT-BLANK AT HIS HEAD AND
PULLS THE TRIGGER!

DIE, ROCKY
LANE! DIE ...

M-MY GUN'S
EMPTY!

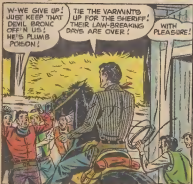
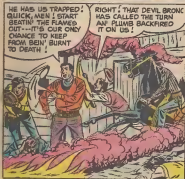
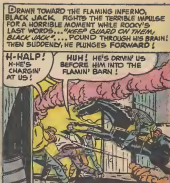
M-MY HEAD!
STEADY, BLACK
JACK, OLD PARD!
K-KEEP GUARD
ON THEM--
BLACK JACK!

---D-DON'T LET
T-THEM GET
A-W-A-Y....
SIGH....

WHUT THE, BOSS!
ROCKY LANE IS
TURNIN' US OVER
TO THET BLACK
DEVIL BRONC O' HIS!

JUST SIT
TIGHT! HIM
AN' HIS BRONC
ARE PLUMB
COOKED!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROPING 'N' RIDING

With



"ROCKY" WITH BLACK JACK

HOWDY, PARTNERS?

RECKON I DON'T NEED TO SAY THAT IT'S PLENTY NICE TO BE HITCHING-UP YOUR CORRAL AGAIN, FRIENDS. IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOU'VE LOTS OF REAL PALS, AND THAT'S WHAT YOUR LETTERS BEEN TELLING ME I HAVE.

IT MAKES ME THINK OF TOM FOSTER, THOUGH, AND I SORT OF FEEL SORRY FOR TOM. HE WAS APPOINTED AGENT IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY, BUT HE DIDN'T LAST LONG. YOU SEE, AN INDIAN AGENT HAS TO KNOW AND UNDERSTAND THE PEOPLE WITH WHOM HE DEALS AND TOM NEVER TOOK THE TIME TO LEARN ABOUT THE INDIAN CUSTOMS AND HABITS. THE GOVERNMENT FINALLY REPLACED HIM AFTER HE CAUSED A NEAR UPRISING BY TRYING TO STOP THE INDIANS FROM USING THEIR MEDICINE BUNDLES.

A MEDICINE BUNDLE IS A PACKAGE OF SACRED OBJECTS AND MEDICINE PIPES WHICH NO INDIAN EVER DID WITHOUT DURING ANY IMPORTANT OCCASION. IT CONTAINED THE MEDICINE PIPE, WITH THE OUTER WRAPPING THE SKIN OF A BLACK BEAR, THE INNER WRAPPING AN ELKSKIN. ALSO IN THE USUAL MEDICINE BUNDLE WERE THE SKINS OF TWO LOONS, AN OWL, TWO WHITE SWANS, TWO CRANES, A MUSKRAT, AN OTTER, A RAIN, A PHOENIX DOG, A SERPENT'S RATTLE, TOBACCO, ETC.

WELL, THAT ALL SOUNDED PRETTY FOOLISH TO TOM FOSTER AND HE TRIED TO HALT THE INDIANS FROM USING SUCH THINGS. THAT WAS HIS MISTAKE. SILLY OR NOT, DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT CUSTOMS AND SOCIAL HABITS. THEY OFTEN DO SEEM SILLY TO FOLKS FROM OTHER PLACES WITH OTHER CUSTOMS. NEVERTHELESS, IT JUST ISN'T RIGHT TO POINT FINGERS OR LAUGH AT THE CUSTOMS OF OTHER PEOPLE. IF WE ALL TRIED TO KNOW AND UNDERSTAND THE HABITS AND RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS OF OTHER PEOPLE AND OTHER PLACES, THIS WOULD BE A MUCH BETTER WORLD TO LIVE IN. TOO MANY OF US ARE LIKE TOM FOSTER, IMPATIENT WITH THE THINGS OTHERS DO IF THEY OFFER FROM OUR OWN. TO SAY THAT A LITTLE MORE TOLERANCE AND UNDERSTANDING WOULD BE A GOOD THING FOR US ALL TO PRACTICE.

BUT NOW, PARTNERS, BLACK JACK AND I HAVE TO BE RIDING BACK. IT'S BEEN MIGHTY FINE, AS IT ALWAYS IS, VISITING WITH YOU. I'LL BE RIDING BY THIS WAY NEXT MONTH, AND LOOKING FOR EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU. TILL THEN, WE REMAIN,

"YOUR PALS,

Allan Rocky Lane

AND BLACK JACK



BUDDHIST
MONK
TURNING
PRAYER
WHEEL
CHINA



MOHAMMEDAN
KNEELING ON
PRAYER RUG
IRAN

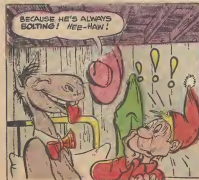
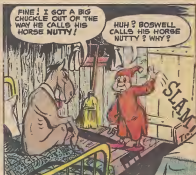
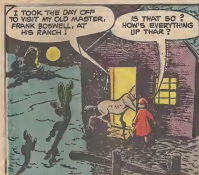
JEETER and

HIS TALKING HORSE
PREPOSTEROUS

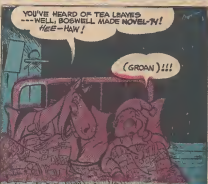
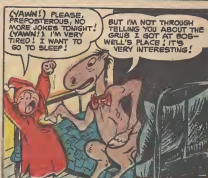
SO THAR YUH ARE, PREPOSTEROUS! WHAR HAVE YUH BEEN SO LATE? I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YUH THAT EVEN THOUGH I'M DOG TIRED I WASN'T ABLE TO GO TO SLEEP!

IT'S VERY LATE AND JEETER IS TIRED! I RECKON A SMART TALKING HORSE LIKE ME CAN GET SOME BENEFIT OUT OF THIS SITUATION!

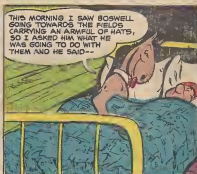
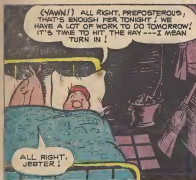
A NIGHT TIME FABLE



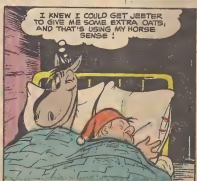
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



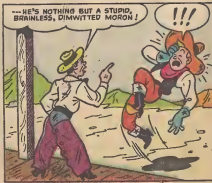
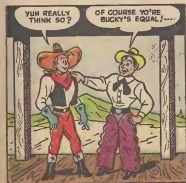
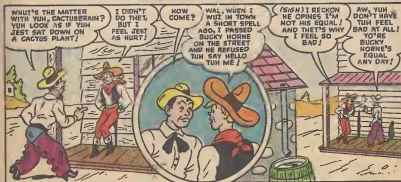
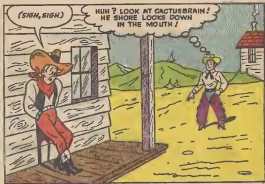
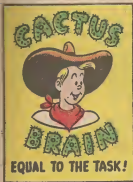
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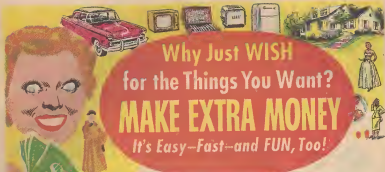


ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





Why Just WISH for the Things You Want? **MAKE EXTRA MONEY** *It's Easy—Fast—and FUN, Too!*

Use Your Spare Time Pleasantly To Make \$50.00, \$100.00
or More Showing These Exclusive Big-Value

Wallace Brown Christmas Cards

Why not do as thousands of other folks do? No need to wish for extra cash to buy the things you want. You can make money so easily just by showing the famous balanced assortments of beautiful Wallace Brown Christmas Cards to your friends, neighbors, relatives, co-workers, fellow church and club members. They'll love this convenient way to order Christmas cards at home and they'll be delighted with the beauty, value and variety offered them. Among this big nationally famous line of over 50 money-makers are the two shown here... the sensational, big-value 21 card "Feature" Christmas Assortment and the gay and dapper Merry Christmas Comics Assortment. They sell for only \$1.00 each and you make up to 50¢ profit on each box!

Big Line of Over 50 Thrilling Money-Makers!

You need no experience... and you have so much to offer to bring your extra cash. There are exciting Christmas Assortments like the luxurious Golden Parchment, the delightful Christmas Velvet, exquisite Scripture-Text Religious Assortment, beloved Corner and lives scenes... Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of exquisite Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and other occasions. Also Children's Books, Imparted Napkins and many novelty Gift items! They all spell Extra Money for you!

SEND NO MONEY to Get Actual Samples

See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail Coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21 card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of the entire Wallace Brown line to start you making extra money immediately.

—Make money! Fill your treasury with cash by taking orders for Wallace Brown Cards and Gift items from members and friends. Check coupon for details of fund-raising plan and actual sample assortment on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC. 225 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. S-123
NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples. **SEND NO MONEY**

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. S-123
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, Free Samples of Special Value "Personals" and FREE full-color Illustrated Catalog of entire Wallace Brown big-profit line.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____

State _____

☐ Check here for Organizational Plan



Popular Priced PERSONALS too!

ACTUAL SAMPLES
FREE!



Make even more money! Nothing else like them anywhere—four groups of outstanding Special Value Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards... distinctive styling, low prices... for every taste and taste... Traditional, Religious, Cape, Formal, Center and lives... exclusive designs, heavy paper, including rich, deep-toned Shades and genuine Parchment Cards. They sell at sight! WE DELIVER DIRECT TO YOUR CUSTOMERS AND WE PAY POSTAGE. Coupon brings you Actual Samples FREE

**He
Pal!
Win
\$100**
as I
just
did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being a BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY **YOU Can do ALL I did!**

I gained **25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work!
for **WINNING at ALL SPORTS!**

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Win NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS



YOU CAN WIN
a BIG 15
SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with YOUR
NAME
engraved
on it!



**JIM NORMAN
AFTER**

He Married Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Married Coupon



90 lb.
Skeleton

He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle

How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These **5** PICTURE-PACKED
HE-MAN COURSES
which YOU can NOW get FREE
FOR ONLY \$1. PRICE DOES NOT
Include Post & Pack



GET
ALL 5
FREE
↓



"I'm PROUD
to be
seen
with
Jim
NOW!
Every
body
adores
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"



You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

2

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how sorry or flabby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned "paul" from a
weak to the strongest of the strong
Why can't I do for you what I did for
HUNDRETHS of skinny fellows
like You?

"Congratulations,
John! At last you
mailed the coupon
as EVERY MAN
should! Soon YOU'll
be as big and strong
as I am,"
says Jim Norman
to John Lee."

3

**HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY ARM**
by GEORGE F. JOWETT

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

4

**HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY BACK**
by GEORGE F. JOWETT

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened from head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A
WINNER IN EVERYTHING you tackle.



5

**HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY GRIP**
by GEORGE F. JOWETT

**HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY LEGS**
by GEORGE F. JOWETT

Mail the
"FREE"
Coupon
get these
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL
ACT, like a Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends.
Win in Sports!
Win Promotions,
raise, Popularity.

ALL THESE COURSES
ARE FREE!
HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY CHEST
HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY ARM
HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY BACK
HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY GRIP
HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY LEGS
ALL THESE COURSES
ARE FREE!
HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY CHEST
HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY ARM
HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY BACK
HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY GRIP
HOW TO BUILD A
MIGHTY LEGS
ALL THESE COURSES
ARE FREE!

This BOOK will also show YOU HOW YOU
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name on It)

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER 3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Open CH-49
Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

Send Coupon
to:
JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
Box 1070, BOSTON, MASS. 02111
Dear George: Please mail me the 5 FREE Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter plus \$15.00 cash reward
if I have 100 lbs. in 10 days. I have a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build
a Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back 5. How to Build a Mighty Leg. I am a
Victor. How to become a Mighty Man. (Enclosed find 10
for postage stamp, etc. and C.O.D.)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

HELLO, BOB-HAVE YOU FOUND
THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?



GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!
WE GIVE YOU **CASH!** OR **PREMIUMS!**

LOOK! LIVE PONY!

For your very own, just send
for 80 catalog for premium
plus MAIL COUPON
TO START.

ACT NOW!

Figure 1

School
Baptist
Church

Musbird
 Clocks, Busters
 Beer-
 kum

BE
FIRST

Can
Buller

Talbot	100
Weller	100
Wagon	100
Wagon	100
Wagon	100

ACT
NOM

WHADDAYA WASTIN' YOUR
TIME DOWN THERE FOR?

GOSH, SAM!
WHERE DID

WHAT SAM

- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS
WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE
WE GIVE YOU A
BEAUTIFUL ART
PICTURE!

FINE!
I'LL TAKE
2 BOXES
- SAH -

BOY! ALL THOSE
PREMIUMS AS
EASY AS THAT!

SWELL — THAT'S RIGHT
HURRY! KIDS! IT'S AS
LET'S SEND IN EASY AS FALL-
OUR COUPONS ING OFF A
RIGHT AWAY! LOG!



**MAIL
COUPON
NOW!**

**YOU GET
BIG CATALOG**

Candid Camera with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (test ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Bifolds, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machines, Pen & Pencil Sets, Record Players, Roller Skates.

504 840 4000

MAIL NOW!

White Chemical Co., Dept. C99, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen: Please send me an trial 14 colorful art pic-
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE in
sell at 35¢ a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked
within 30 days, select in Premium or keep Cash Commit-
tion as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ NOT _____

4. 0 — 371 —

11 <http://www.elsevier.com/locate/jmb> (accessed 12.05.2006).

TOWN _____ CO. _____ STATE _____

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MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

ROCKY LANE

NO. 63

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Vol. 9 No. 63 -- Oct. 1954

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